

Stubborn Hearts

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Summary: This is a nice little story about John and Aeryn finally getting together.

Stubborn Hearts

> Aeryn watched John from the door to Pilot's chamber. She tried to stay out of sight, not wanting him to find her there.
> Since the day Aeryn walked in on John and Gilina kissing, she'd noticed her feelings for him. Not that she liked or understood them, but that didn't stop them.
> "Ah, Officer Sun," Pilot's voice caused John to turn and search for her. Seeinh no way to leave, she stepped out into the open.
> "Hey, Aeryn," John called, smiling when she appeared.
> "Hey," she had stopped trying to understand his greetings.
> "Officer Sun, did you want something?"
> "Nothing important, Pilot. I just wanted to ask you something. I'll come back later."
> "Hey, Aeryn, don't mind me. I won't evesdrop."
> "You won't do what?"
> "It's an expression. It means I won't listen in."
> "As I said, Pilot, I'll come back later," she turned and almost ran down the corridor, ignoring John, who was calling her back.

> John watched Aeryn leave, barely keeping himself from following. "Women!" he mumbled. "I will never understand them! Human, Sebacean, Delvian, Nebari, or any other species I meet!"
> "A problem, Crichton?" Pilot asked.
> "No, just talking to myself."
> "What purpose does that serve?"
> "None, I guees. It's just a habit."

>
 "Are all Humans as odd as you?"
>
 "No," John replied. "Some are even stranger!"
>
 Pilot didn't have an answer for that, which suited John just fine. He lasped into thoughts of Aeryn. He felt more, _ completely_, somehow, everytime they were together. Both times they had kissed, everytime he saved her from falling when they hit something, or something hit them, even everytime they traded insults, he felt more alive. He'd never frlt this way about _anyone._ He thought he'd been in love with Alex, hell, he'd almost asked her to marry him, but she'd never made him feel like _this._
>
 And she was so beautiful. Not in the conventional, Earth-supermodel way, it was an inner beauty the added to her features. Something about the way she carried herself. John shook his head, it was hard for him to describe, even to himself.
>
 John wished ther was a way to tell her how he felt. "I could, but she'd probably kill me."
>
 "What, Crichton?"
> "Nothing, Pilot."

> Aeryn sat in the mess, the food cubes in front if her arranged in a pattern. She stared at them, as much trying to understand her feelings as John's 'smiley face.'
 So intense was her concentration that she didn't hear Rygel's chair whizzing to the room until he was there.
> "Are you going to eat those? Or just stare at them? _Some_ of us like our food _fresh,_ you know."
> Do you forget you're talking about food cubes? They're always fresh, Rygel," Aeryn replied icily. She put the food cubes away as she sopke, than stalked out of the room.
> "I've met Luxans with a better dispostion than her!" Rygel told himself as he hunted for food that wasn't square.
> <div class="center">***</div>
> Not much later, Aeryn found that she had wandered back to Pilot's chamber.
 "Officer Sun, you wished to speak woth me privatley?"
> "No, Pilot, I needed -- I had to --"
 "You needed an excuse."

> "Yes," she replied, blushing lightly.
 Pilot smiled gentally at her, "Moya and I have bee around other species for many cycles. You are all, essentially, the same. I apologize for any discomfort I may have caused by anouncing your presence."
> "There is no apology necessary. But you will not tell the others, will you."
 "Of course not, if that is what you wish."
> Thank you, Pilot," Aeryn turned and left. I wonder how much her knows, she thought. _ Are my feelings for John really that obvios?_ That was all she needed, for D'Argo, Rygel or Chiana to find out. No one would hear anything from Zhaan, but the others...
> Aeryn ran to her prowler. It was the only place she felt completely comfortable. It was the only place that was hers. She climbed in and sat there, crying.
> "Aeryn?" John called over the comm.
 "Frell, he must have seen me come down here" she mumbled. Aeryn took a moment to gain control of her voice. "Yes, Crichton?" she said into her comm.
> "Can I talk to you?" Wasn't he talking to her now?
 "Is it important? I'm rather busy."
> Uh...no, it's not important. Just call me when you have a few seconds -- micots." What could this possibly be able? And when she 'had a few microts'? How did one acquire time?
 She sighed. It

wouldn't be easy to avoid John if he wanted to talk, even on a ship as big as Moya. But it could be done...

> <div class="center">***</div>

> John was on the terrace searching for Aeryn. She had managed not to be alone with him for the past three days.
 Well, he thought, _not where we could talk anyway._ They had had to remove a blockage from one of Moya's systems. "Not the romantic scene I'd hoped for."

> What was that, John?"
 "Nothing, Zhaan." He seemed to be telling people that a lot lately. "I was just thinking out loud."

> "About what?"
 "Oh, nothing."

> "How do you think aloud about nothing?"
 John sighed. He had used slang again. He was tired of not being understood. "It means nothing important, or nothing I want to talk about. In this case, the latter."

> "Oh...Hey."
 "He--WHAT?!?!" John was completely startled.

> "You told Aeryn when a human needs to talk, they say 'hey.'"
 "I did, but how did you know that?"

> "That's not important. What is, is that something is bothering you. Perhaps I can help."
 "I can't tell you. Not here. Someone could walk in." _ Aeryn could walk in and decide to kill me._ He didn't really think it would happen, but you never could tell. "Come to my quarters in 2 hours--arns."

> <div class="center">***</div>

> Exactly 2 arns later, Zhaan showed up at John's quarters. He let her in, making sure no one was with her.
 Zhaan silently sat down on his bed, obviously wanting him to start.

> "Okay...the thing is...," he paused. Saying this was a lot harder than he expected. "I...I... have a crush on Aeryn." It all came out as one word.
 When Zhaan made no response, he looked at her.

Freeling translator microbes! From the look on Zhaan's face, Delvians didn't have 'crushes.'

> "You have...pain...for Aeryn?" she asked slowly.
 "Uh, sort of. If a Human has a crush on someone, they like them...Want to have sex with them."

> "Why do you not tell Aeryn?"
 "Are you **_crazy_*?!" She'd **_kill_* me for even bringing it up! An oh, so 'pure' Sebacean with a **_human_*??" I'd 'taint' the species!...Anyway, I can't. Everytime I try, something goes wrong with Moya, or we encounter a dangerous, to us, species, or Crais shows up! Those are what I call bad omens. It's not meant to be, Zhaan." John had no run through every excuse he used on himself.

> "Are you certain?"
 "As certain as I am of _anything_ in this part of the universe, granted that's not a lot."

> "John, talk to her. I will be present if you think it will help." She touched her comm. "Aeryn?"
 "What is it, Zhaan?"

> "Crichton and I require your presence in his quarters."
 John wasn't sure if he imagined the igh on the other end.

> "I will be there shortly."
 John, frozen until this moment, hit his comm. "No that's alright, Aeryn. You don't need to come."

> "Are you certain?" Aeryn asked verbally, Zhaan with her eyes.
 "Completely."

> <div class="center">*** </div>

> "Why did you not have her come?"
 "I'm not ready to tell her, Zhaan. On Earth, I'd ask her to go out with me, but what do I do here? How do Sebaceans let each other know they're attracted? Beat each other up?!"

> "I don't know, John. Aeryn is the first just Sebacean I have ever met. All others were Peacekeepers."
 "That's just it! She _is_ a Peacekeeper. She _always_ will be. How is she going to react is I

tell her. No, wait don't answer that. I know what she'll do--"

> "What will I do if you tell me _what_?!" Aeryn appeared in the doorway, looking like a cat about to pounce.

> "I, uh...You...I was." John had no idea how he was going to get out of this one.
 "He was talking about Gilina." Zhaan came to his rescue.

> Is it my imagination, John thought. _ Or did she look even more pissed when Zhaan mentioned Gilina?

> "We tell the person. If the second likes the first, they have sex. If not, well, it will be a while before the first will think about approaching someone else,"Aeryn told them absently."You shouldn't have to worry about Gilina, though. Crichton. She obviously like you." Her voice grew colder as she continued.
 "Thanks," John said weakly."I feel much better." Aeryn turned to leave. _Well,_ John thought,_ Zhaan is here. If Aeryn hurts me too badly, I'm sure she'll help me. _

> "Uh, Aeryn...?"
 She sighed to herself and turned to face him, "What Crichton?"

> "What, ah...what, um...?"
 "What is it Crichton?!"

> "What would you do if I said I liked you?"

> Aeryn's face remained blank as she walked over and stood about 6 inches in front of him.
 In one fluid movement, she reached over, grabbed his face, and kissed him. Stunned at both the fact Aeryn didn't hurt him, and exactly what her kiss was doing to him, he kissed her back. He had dreamed of the taste of her lips ever since the last time they had kissed when they thought they were on Earth.

> Zhaan smiled at the couple, then noticing they were completely engrossed in one another (and probably would be for sometime), and probably wouldn't appreciate her 'I told you so' at the moment, quietly left the room.

> Two or so arns later, John and Aeryn emerged from John's quarters, both holding hands and glowing.
 Together they walked to the mess, completely famished. Everyone else was there. Rygel noticed them, made a disgusted noise, and went back to stuffing his face. Zhaan, who had been talking to D'Argo, smiled at them then continued. D'Argo didn't even turn. Chiana was the only one who spoke to them.

> "It took you long enough!" she said, laughing. "You two have been wanting to frell since I came aboard, atleast!"
 "Jealous are you, Chiana?" John asked innocently.

> "Me?! Of the two of you?! Never !" she replied, though it was half-truth.
 "People only make fun of what they're jealous of." he told her.

> "Frell you!"
 Normally, he would have said something such as 'get in line' but today, he was more interested in eating so he and Aeryn could go back to his quarters.

>

End
file.